Differences. The King can drink the best of wine-So can I ! And has enough when he would dine-So have I!

And cannot order rain or shine—

Then where's the difference, let me see, Betwixt my Lord the King and me ! Do trosty friends surround his throne Night and day ! Or maks bis interest their own ?

No, not they ! Mine love me for myself alone-Blessed be they ! And that's one difference which I see Betwist my Lord the King and me ! No knaves around me lie in wait

To deceive! Orfawn and flatter when they hate, And would grieve ! Or gruel pomps oppress my state-By my leave ! No! Heav'n be thank'd! And here you see More difference 'twixt the King and me ! He has his fools, with jests and quibs,

When he'd play; He has his armies and his ships-Great are they ! But not a child to kiss his lips, 3- Well-a-day ! And that's the difference sad to see Betwixt my Lord the King and me! I wear the cap and he the crown-What of that? I sleep on straw and he on down-

What of that ? And he's the King and I'm the clown-What of that? If happy I, and wretched he, Terhaps the King would change with me

The Dream of Caleb Edmonds. "Christianity, indeed ?" said Mr. Edmonds, as he looked over his books, in the little back parlor behind the shop. "I am disgusted with such hypocrisy?"

There was a dark frown upon the brow of the tran of business as he spoke these words, and an irritability in his manner of turning over the leaves before him, which spoke of some bad debt troubling his mind, and robbing him of his good temper.
"What is the matter?" asked a cheer

-ful little woman by the fire, at whose side a basket of stockings told of a large family, and a consequent demand for stitchery. Matter!" echoed the husband, "do y not know that Welsford owes me four pounds, ten and sixpence !"

"Not le. The goods were purchased mofe than a year ago, and I have not had a penny yet ?"

"What does he say when you see him ?" isked Mr. Edmonds, who evidently loved to look at the bright side.

"Say-! He does not say much to me, I can tell you. I told him not to worry

me with his excuses, but to bring his money; and that he need not cross my door step again till be could do that.' "I am sorry for his wife," said the little stocking mender, presently : "she appears

to be a truly pious woman."
"Pious!" retorted her husband. "Yes, and so is he; 'tis that disgusts me. Re-

pounds, ten and sixpence. I thought the Bible said, "Owe no man anything. Christianity, forsooth !" Mr. Caleb Edmonds was a highly respectable grocer in the town of Mariby-

in fact, a man of substance? for business had prospered with him. He was industrious and obliging; rising early, working hard; and thus from the small beginnings he had risen to the possession of considerate would not judge him able wealth. But, although an excellent things we do!" man of business, Mr. Edmonds was a very ordinary Christian. True, he had begun the race, but he did not press toward the mark. Alas, for the cares of this world and sof riches! And as it is characteristic of a low standard of piety to beharsh and censorious in our judgement of our fellow christian, so Mr. Edmonds, when he heard of any defect in the character of professors around him, was always the first to exclaim, "Christianity, indeed !" Is not this too common with us all? Do we not, even if we give no expression to our thoughts doubt and hesitate much more than we should doubt and hesitate. regarding the reality of the religion of our "Beady to halts" and "Feeble minds ?" Do we agt set up a standard of perfection for our fellows, which were too lofty, in our view as a standard for ourselves? And are we not teo ready to exclaim against the

desings of others, even while we turn aside into forbidden paths ? Perhaps such thoughts as these had pass ed through the mind of Mrs. Edmonds as she sat over her work; for when she rose to leave her basket for some more active household duty she bent over her Jusband or a moment and said gently, "Caleb, I do act-like to hear you say christianity, in-deed! as you sid just now. Suppose rour fellow hristians were to judge of you as harality as you of them! You often say alse continued hastily; "you doubted John Watson's religion yesterdays be-cause he are money to your rival! and horse selective he opposes you in busi-

Miles of spiety because she argued with you against total at stinence!

July not shart you head about hiss you against total at stinence!

July not shart you head about hiss with your after his wife left him these words range in Calcula care—Judge not." At last, as he sat in the twilight, between sleeping and waking for susiness was very dull, and he could spare half an hour for rest - a vision stole upon -him and he passed in imagination, rapidly through the

At first he found himself in the front parties of a house in a very quiet neighborthere names we knew very well. They exhibite fore upon the fender, and— heir heiting laid saide—were evidently the said of their neighbors. "Single hide " said the elder lady, whose have on Rosby! "what will come next

does not teach a man such absurd pride as that !"

Miss Phillip shook her head, and began to lament the increase of false professors. "Well," thought Caleb, "I believe that in spending some of my cash " - the education of my children, I could not go very wrong, but I find I am misunderstood, even

The next scene was the drawing room of the John Watson of whom Mr. Edmonds had spoken. A lady was making tea behind a silver urn and a gentleman—her Lusband—sat beside her.
"l'oor Thompson," said Mrs. Watson—

for it was she-"I trust he will succeed." "He shall, if by God's blessing, I can compass it."

"He is a very deserving young man," continued the lady; "the manner in which he bore the loss of all his property would win esteem, even if he had no oth-

wandered to another branch of the subject. these circumstances, it was but natural that "That Caleb Edmonds," he said at length, I am surprised at the ill-feeling he

"Towards Thornton ?"

"Yes, he is evidently annoyed at the opening of another shop, so near his own; whereas in the principal street of a town tion. The Gallery, it will be remembered like this he should have expected compelike this he should have expected compe-tition. Besides, he has made a little for-an oblong room, the length of which far tune, and has nothing to fear; yet he will exceeds its breadth, and hence the intermi-not treat George Thornton with ordinary nable series of heads presenting a curious

"I thought he was a religious man," said Mrs. Watson.

"He pretends to be," replied her husband," "but I have not such a faith in religion which brings forth so little fruit." Poor Caleb ! his wife's word-the Mas-

sponsive echo is his heart. Again a change, and Mr. Edmonds found who, leaned on her husband's arm, walked slowly towards the house of prayer. It impossible to disregard the careful tender- tory criticism of details. To gain the cool, were speaking of the consolations of the

"Who knows?" exclaimed the invalid, "perhaps there may be words just suited to noor !"

"Poor as regards this world only, Mary." Her eyes brightened as she looked up cheerfully. "Yes, rich in treasure far more costly than earth's gold. God help us to look up, and to trust Him for the "meat dissentient voice? that perisheth not."

They walked on for a while, and then the wife said, mournfully, "I sometimes fear that it is pride which makes me shrick from meeting Mr. Edmonds. I do shrick ther and say that is the creation of a liter-Oh, if we could but pay him.

"We shall be able to do so soon, I hope," said Welsford; "it has been a hard strug- some extraordinary sympathy with the gle Mary, starvation almost, but I think it is nearly over."

Ah, it was all for me! I am sure Mr. Ed-Ah, it was all for me! I am sure Mr. Ed-monds would be patient, if he knew how lin's sketch. We feel that if Mr. Dickens much you spent in medi-cines for me, and how little work you have !"

"He is patient, after a fashion; and we have reason to be thankful for that; still he had said some crushing things to meharsh things which he may live to repentthings which have made me doubt his

Christianity." "Nay," said Mrs. Welsford, gently I would not judge him; how many inconsis

"You are right. I may not lift my is found in me !"

Again the echoing voice thrilled thro' words, "Judge not!"—and as he dwelt upon them the vision slowly faded and he, Bunyan like, awoke, and behold it was a dream." But the lesson of the dream was through the whole of the narrative.—The not quite lost upon him, for he awoke to a deeper spirit of Christian charity, a nobler self-denial, a holier humility, a nearer like- display, but simply that he may relieve his lessons of the Book of God.

The fireside morning worship was just ended, and Charles Welsford was about to go forth to his daily toil, when a gentle knock at the door spoke of a visitor; how great was the surprise of all when Caleb Edmonds entered. "You are come, sir-

not under any concern about the little a-

good, sir; take your time." The poor man's eye were filled with tears, as grasping the out-stretched hand, he tried to speak his thanks.

"My wife," said Mr. Edmonds, turning towards Mrs. Welsford, "put something into my hand, just as I left, for you, ma'am. And forth from his pockets came tea, sugar, biscuits, from the good wife's ample store till Mary's eyes too filled with grateful tears.

"And now," said the visitor, kindly, don't forsake the shop ; get your little parcels there, and pay just when it suits you. By the way, if a sovereign would be of any service to you, I have one which will burn a hole in my pocket—as the saving goesunless L give it to somebody. And before they could reply, he had laid the coin upon the table and was gone.

"Mary," anid Mr. Welsford, "let us thank They knelt, and as he breathed forth his

heart's gratifude, his wife wept tears of joy, and even the little ones murmured the amen. But Mr. Edmonds did not stop at this;

t was to him Charles Welsford owed a situation which soon after placed thin for above the reach of want; it was to him be owed a host of kindly deeds, which came like sunshine to his inmost soul. --

We hasten on. Not alone in this re-gard was Calco Edmonds changed, for two lays after this strange dream he walked into his rival's shop, shook, hands, invited him to drink tea at his house, spoke pleasantly shout their opposition, and even hinted at his retirement at some future day, when his new friend would have a better clance !

And from that time the charity which suffered hong and is kind, is not easily provided, thinkely no evil, beareth all tings; believelt all, hopelt all things; believelt all, hopelt all things; believelt all, hopelt all things; endies and things, held an almost undispendency over the heart of Cash Edmonds; and ever was the maxim of the Bible horse in mind—"Fudge nos that at the not judged."

[From the London Times, July 13th.]

Mr. Dickens as an Actor, Never, probably, in any age, did private theatrical performances attain to such a high degree of celebrity as those which took place last winter at Tavistock House, the residence of Mr. Charles Dickens. None were admitted to witness them, save the friands of the ameteur manager, but so wide is his circle of acquaintance, and so great is the social influence held by many of the persons of whom it is composed, that the "Tavistock House Theatricals, soon became celebrated throughout the whole literary and artistic world of London. The number who actually saw the performance did not, most likely, exceed five hundred, but most of them were not only talking men, but men whose talk is sure to find listeners; and hence the fact that Mr. Charles Dickens was an actor of a far higher kind than had been demonstrated by his earlier ametuer performances, was one of Mr. Watson did not reply, his mind had the best affirmed facts of the day. Under when on Saturday night, the "Tavistock performances took place before such of the public as chose to visit the "Gallery of Illustration" for the benefit of the fund "in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold,"the long room was crowded to replenable series of heads presenting a curious aspect to a spectator in the vincinity of the

An aulience which is select as well as numerous, and the humblest constituents of which pay 5s, for their places, is not apt to include in those noisy demonstrations of delight that are so freely given by the mixter's word—all sound in his ears as they had never done before, meeting with a remore genuine admiration than was left by Mr. Charles Dickens in the minds of his himself beside a sickly looking woman, auditors at the conclusion of Mr. Wilkie Collins' drama, "The Frozen Deep." There was literally a gasp of applause when the was impossible to look without interest up- curtain descended, and the conversation on her pale and anxious face-a face that ensued during the interval that prewhich had once been beautiful and equally ceded the farce was composed of a laudaness with which her steps were guided by deliberate approbation of such an audience the strong man at her side. Their conver- was no small triumph. The ringleaders of sation, too, was worthy of remark-they conversation on such occasions are men, who, to use a common phrase, are "up to everything," especially in matters connected with public amusement, and whose organ of veneration is by no means largely our case this morning? Words for the developed. They would rather grasp an opportunity for quizzing the ridiculous than seize an occasion for a lmiring the sublime. When such as these not only murmur forth

The performance of Mr. Dickens as vindictive and (afterward) penitent Richard ary man-that is doubtful whether any mere actor, unless under the influence of part assumed, would attempt te fill up an outline with that elaborate detail that is had had to describe in narrative from the situations of the Frozen Deep, instead of acting them, he would have covered whole pages in recording those manifestations of emotion which, not having his pen in his hand, he now makes by the minutes waria tions of the voice and gesture. Where an ordinary artist would look for "points" of effect, he looks for "points" of truth. A specimen of humanity in which every twite's of every muscle can be accounted for is to be with all the elaboration of acvoice; alas, but little likeness to my Lord tual nature, no matter whether it be admi

red or not. -again he heard the of his disappointment in love, there is ameffect may be monotonous-but what of that ? He who talks not for the sake of them, I saw Pain's Age of Reason and taness to Jesus. He had been taught in that mind from an oppressive and almost hubrief twilight musing one of the grand old miliating burden, will necessarily be monotonous. A man louder under the sense of wrong would have excited less uneasiness in his confidant. But such a man as Mr. Dickens presents-a man strong in the command of his voice, but weak in suppressing the language of his eyes and facial muscles-a man whose constant attempts to hide the internal storm by slight "I am come," said the grocer, interrupt- simulations of good fellowship only renders ing him, "express my hope that you are more conspicuous the vastness of that which he would conceal-a man who has mount you owe me. Take your time, my a habit of losing his temper in a manuer that mere external circumstances do not warrant-such a man is a just object of terror. Richard Wardour, as depicted by Mr. Dickens in the second act of the Frozen Deep, is the most perfect representation

of dogged vindictiveness that the imagination could conceive. Mrs. Dickson's New Petticoat.

A meek, quiet-looking person, calling him self John Dickson, was detected on Friday in the very act of stealing a large roll of re! flannel from the door of a dry goods by the following address to the Mayor:

but when you hear why I took it, you will yesterday morning :

"John, I've got a two dollar note, Bank of Harrisburg (says she :) I made it by washing and ironing, and I want you to go and buy me eight yards of flannin—red flannin (says she-to make me two petticoats, for the spring is backwards, (says she,) and the weather keeps coll, and I haven't a rag that's fit to wear. And mind you, don't you lose the money nor go near any grogshop, (says she,) for you know your weakness and don't you get imo conver-sation with any other loafers as you are go-

ing along on this errand." "So I took the money-the two dollar note, I did-and set out, and went three squares around to keep clear of a groggery that's the way I missed to; for in tother street I met Joe Hinson. Says Joe :

"Jack, where you're bound ?" Says I—to get eight yards of quarter dollar flannin to make my wife two, pettipard, and has bere a couple of glances of toddy. It a only paking the pattieonic a little shorter, (says be,) and she's gotte little shorter, (says be,) and she's gotte little shorter, in the wont mind having a plant pattern."

"Well, I thought half a yard of flannin wouldn't make much difference, so in we went to the hotel, changed the note, drank a glass apiece, and that put us in the motion of more-it did-and Joe drank, and in less than an hour I'll be switched if I had twenty-five cents left out of two dollars.
Well, what could I do then! I ax any reasonable man, what could I do! I couldn't go home without the flannin, and and I'm not ashamed to acknowledge it, for nothing else could be done; and if I hadn't been nabbed my old woman should have had six red flannel petticoats, instead

whole story." Dickson was committed, in default ail, to answer for the larceny. Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.

of two she sent me after, and that's the

Parson Weems.

Every school boy is familiar with Weem's ife of Marion, and will feell an interest in the following sketch of that clerical oddity—the author—given—by Bishop Meade in the last Southern Courchman : "In his youth Mr. Weems was an inmate

county, Maryland. They confided in him as a body of principle, and had no doubts as to his uprightness and morality, until ly said the nobleman, "your mistress is a about his fourteenth year. When at that ware that her majesty—go to your mistress about his fourteenth year. When at that ware that her majesty—go to your mistress age, he was seen to leave the house every and say that the Queen is here." evening after tea, and to be often away until late at night. The family began to be afraid that he was getting into corrupt habits, and notwithstanding his assurance that he would do nothing that whould render him unworthy of .. eir esteem and friendship, they felt uneasy. He scorned the idea of abusing their confidence, but as he persisted in the practice of going away, at length they determined to find out what was the cause of it. Accordingly one night a plan was laid by which he was tracked. After pursuing his trail for some distance in the pines, they come to an old hut, in which was Mr. Weems, surrounded by the bare-headed, bare-footed, and half lad children of the neighborhood, whom he had been in the habit of thus gathering around him at night, in order to give them

"I acknowledge that he was in the habit of having the servants assembled in private houses, where he would spend the night, and recite a portion of Scripture, for he never read it out of a book, and perhaps say something to them, or in the prayer, about them, but then it was in such a way as only to produce merriment among them and the children. This I have experienced in my own family and at my mother's; and have heard others testify to the same. 1 do not think he could have long even pre-tended to be the rector of any parish.

From my earliest knowlendge of him he was a travelling bookseller for Mr. Matthew North of it, in a little wagon, with his fiddle as a constant companion to amuse himself and others. If he would pray with the servants at night in their owner's house, he would play the fiddle on the roadside for them by day. One instance of his good nature is well attested. At the old tavern in Carolina county, Virginia, called the White Chimneys, Mr. Weems and some strolling players or puppet showmen met together one night. A notice of some exhibition had been given, and the neighborhood had assembled to witness it. A fiddle was necessary to the full performance, and that was wanting. Mr. Weems supplied the deficiency.

"He was of a very enlarged charity in all respects. Though calling himself an Episcopal minister, he knew no distinction make no exception in thy favor." of churches. He preached in every pulpit to which he could gain access, and where he could recommend his books. His books When Richard Wardour tells the story were of all kinds. Mr. Cary, his emplyer, was a Roman Catholic, but dealt in all man in the portico of the tavern; on looking at king it into my hand, turned to him and asked if it was possible that he could sell such a book. He immediately took out the Bishop of Landaff's answer, and "Behold the Antidote." "The Bane and Antidote are both before you." He carried this spurious charity into the sermons. In my own pulpit, at the old chapel, in my absence, it eing my Sunday in Winchester, he extolled Tom Paine, and one or more noted infidels of America, and said if their ghosts could return to the earth, they would be shocked hear the falshoods that were told of them. charged him with what I had heard of s sermon, and well remember that even he was confused and speechless.

"Some of Mr. Weems' pamphlets on drunkenness and gambling would be most almirable in their effects, but for the fact that you know not what to believe of the narrative. There are passages of deep pathos and great eloquence in them. His histories of Washington and Marion are very popular, but the same must be said of them. You know not how much of fiction there is in them. That of Washington has probably gone through more editions than all others, and has been read by more perstore in Eighth street. He did not deny the sons than those of Marshall, Ramsey, Banfact, put attempted to palliate his offence croft and Irving put together. To conclude all the while that Mr. Weems was thus "Sir, I confess I did take the flannin; travelling over the land, an object of amusement to so many and of profit to Mr. Cary, say that I am an unfortunate man, and le was transmitting support to an interestought to be pitied. My wife says to me ing and pious family, at or near Dunfries, who if I am rightly informed, were attached to the Methodist Church. If in this or anything else which I have written, any mistako lias been made, I should be glad to receive its correction.'

To kill bed bugs-tie them by the hind legs and then make mouths at them until you get them into convulsions, after which crawl around on the blind side and stone them to death.

The hemp in Ray county, Missouri, will, it is stated, average over one ton to the sere. This is an extraordinary yield for that section.

"You make trade your religion," said Dr. Warburton, the prelate, to Dean Tucker, the daimong. "And you make religion your trade," replied Tucker.

Spider bites pan be cured, it is said, by wet ting the place with cold water as fast as it absorbs or dries up. Whyeare good husbands like dough I men need them.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty; dimed.

Poverty; and supped with Infany:

The Queen and the Quakeress.

In the summer of 1815, her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighborhood, then the estate of a rich wid-ow lady belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen's intention, couldn't buy it without the money. So I and a message returned that she would be hooked a bolt of it-I did-that's a fact, welcome. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps, never before any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called King by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the royal visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would, at least, say "Thy Majesty," "Thy Highness," or "Madame."

The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park punctually at the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made; no hostess or domestics stood ready to greet the guest. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliber-ately, with his broad brimmed beaver on of the family of Mr. Jennifer, of Charles and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with "what's thy will, friend?"

That was almost unreasonable. "Sure-

"No, truly," answered the man, "it needet! not-I have no mistress or lady; but my frien I Rachel Mills expects thine. Walk in. The Queen and the princess were hand-

ed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly at tired, Rachel, who, without even a courtesy but with a cheerful not said, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter. I wish the well. Rest and refresh thee and thy people before I show thee my grounds.

What could be said to such a person Some condescension was attempted, implying that her Majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed, he said, "Yes, thou art right there. The Friends are well thought of by most folks, but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to con-duct them myself; therefore, I will do the like by thee, friend Charlotte. Moreover. I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so has thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers." [She alluded to

the Princess Charlotte.] It was so evident that the Friends meant hitherto unknown to her, and expressed Cary, of Philadelphia, visiting all the States wish to possess some of these rare fowls, South of Philadelphia, and perhaps some imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as law; but the Quakeress merely remarked, with her characteristic evasion, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but if they are to be purchased in this land or other coun tries, I know of few woman lik lier than thyself to procure them with ease."

Her royal Highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those which she now beheld.

"I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel. "Perhaps you will give me a pair

observed the Princess.

"Nay, verily," replied Rachel Mills. "I have refused many friends; and that which I denied to my own kinswomm, Martha Ash, it becomet's me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our house; and I can

This is a fact. Ludicrous Scene.

from an article in the April number

door of the mad wag, Dickens. We were attending service in a cathedral in a city where we were a stranger, and had been shown into a pew already occupied by two old ladies. For a time we behaved with our wonted decorum, till some absurdity committed by the elder Weller, of which we had been reading the night before, rose up to haunt us. Had we been in the open air, a good laugh would have relieved us, but cabined, cribbed, confined as it were the risibility expanded till our form swelled visibly, our face grew purple, and we saw a medical man in the next pew feel in his waistcoat pocket as he axiously watched the veins in our forehad. Mr. Weller's image was fifty-fold absurdity, blending him, as they did, in his top-boots and shawl with angels ever bright and fair. Despairing of our ability to prevent an explosion, and feeling the danger becoming each moment imminent, for India rubber itself must have given way under the accumulating pressure, we sundenly dived with our head under the shelf on which the prayer-book rested, and laughed silently, while our tears dropped like rain on the foot-stool.

We were beginning to grow calm when, looking round, we saw the two old ladie regarding us with pions horror through their spectacles, and siding off to their own end of the pew. This sets us off again, and down went our head in a vain, ostrich-like attempt at concealment, for our shoulders and back, convulsively agitated from nape to wristband, told of the internal struggle to say nothing of sounds that occasionally broke forth, noways resembling the responses. Conscious that precendary and preceptor were regarding us from their eminence we again raised our head with desperate gravity, and shall never forget the agony of shame with which we beheld an aged verger sternly approaching, while two church wardens were quitting their pews with the faces of men determined to discharge a painful duty. Nevertholess, at the instigation of old Weller, off we went again in a fit now quite audible, and were eventually marched down the centre of the aisle between rows of faces fixed in devout horror, with our handkerchiefs crammed near down our throat, and our watery eyes starting out of our head like a land-crab's, turning a corner, out under the old Saxon archway into the clurchyard, where we exasperated the verger and church-wardens to fremsy by sitting down on a tombatons and giving full vent to our mirth. Next day all repentant, we waited upon the dean, who being himself a Picwickian, gave as absolution in the most kindly way, and we caused a copy of "Pickwick" to be bound in morocco and gold, with the suspending in the first and we caused the sentence of the Episcopal library. down our throat, and our watery eyes

NOTICE.

TOHN WINCEY, Esq., will be happy to OVER HAULING OF ENGINES r Mill Works, in the Vicinity of Abbeville

and the surrounding country.

Applicants will please apply to John En-right, Abbeville, or Wm. Lebby, Charleston, S. C. JOHN WINCEY. Oct. 31, 1856.

GRAPE VINES. ABBEVILLE MODEL VINEYARD! DR. TOGNO offers for Sale VINE CUT-TINGS and ROOTED VINES, at the following rates :

Per Hundred Vine Cuttings, For Catawbas and other Sorted American Varieties, for Sorted European Varieties, Rooted American Varieties, Each, Rooted European Varieties, Rooted Scuppernong, Montevino, Dec. 27, 1856. N. B. Vines pruned at reasonable rates.

> PROSPECTUS OF THE

PENDLETON MESSENGER. A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO NEWS. MORALS AND LITERATURE, TO BE PUBLISHED AT PENDLETON, SOUTH CAROLINA. - ---

THE Subscriber proposes to publish a week-ly Journal at Pendleton, under the above caption, at Two Dollars per annum, invariably caption, at two Dollars per annum, invariably in advance, the publication to commence as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be sent in to justify expense of publication— payment to be made on the receipt of the first, number. Post Masters, and all others friendly to our enterprise, are respectfully solicited to aid us in getting up subscribers to the paper, and forwarding their names immediately to the subscribe, at Pendleton S. C.—Be particular in sending the name of the State, County and Post Office, with the subscriber's name.

The Paper will be of common size, printed on clear type. Its columns will be devoted to News, Morals and Literature. It will be "Independent in all things, and neutral in nothing." It shall be our aim always to make it a welcome visitor to each family and individual who may favor us with their patronage. The brethren of the press, favorable to our enterprise, will confer a particular favor on us, by giving our Prospectus a few insertions, and noticing it editorially.

WM. LIVELY. Pendleton, July, 1857.

PROSPECTUS.

THE EXAMINER, Daily, Tri-Weekly and Weeekly.

Daily, Tri-Weekly and Weeekly.

The publication of this journal, from circumstances beyond the control of the proprietor, has been suspended for some months. Having recently received much encouragement from good and true men, it is proposed to resume its publication without delay, as a LITERARY AND POLITICAL to the proposed to resume its publication without delay, as a LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOI RNAL, and, we are encouraged to believe, on such a basis as will preclude any probabili-

y of failure.

As a Literary Journal, it will be devoted to the development of SOUTHERN TALENT. There is no paper in this State, and very few in the Southern States, that make Literature a in the Southern States, that make Literature a distinct and prominent feature. The aim of the conductors of the EXAMINER will be to clevate it to a high standard in this department, which will be under the control of one of the ablest and most experienced editors in the State. JOHN G. BOWMAN, Esq., a writer well and favorably known throughout the South.

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wn battles, or be overwhelmed.

This department will be under the direction and management of W. B. Johnston, Esq., long connected with the Journalism of South Carolina, and who is well and favorably knows

we consider it due to all who may be disposed to sustain it, to avow that in politics THE EXAMINER will be essentially a State

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- Columbia, July 24, 1857.

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a physic is required cannot be commerated here, but a physic is required cannot be enumerated here, but iney suggest themselves to the reason of every body; and it is confidently believed this pill will answer a better purpose than any thing which has hitherto been available to mankind. When their virtues are once known, the public will no longer doubt what remedy to employ when in need of a cathartic medicine. Being sugar-wrapped, they are pleasant to take, and being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity. For minute directions, see wrapper on the Box.

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The State of South Carolina. Abbreille District-In the Comman Pleas. Amos Clark, Jr.,

Attachment.
McGowan & Perrin, James A Liddell. James A Liddell. Plff's Att'ys.

VIEREAS, the Plaintiff did, on the thirtyfirst day of October, 1856, file his declaration against the Defendant, who, (as it is sid) is absent from and without the limits of this State; and has neither wife or attorney known within the same, upon whom a copy of the said declaration might be served. It is therefore ordered that the said Defendant do appear and plead to the said deciration, on or before the first day of November, which will be in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Seven, otherwise final and absolute Judgment will then be given and awarded

against him. MATHEW McDONALD, c. c. r. Clerk's Office, Oct. 30, 1858. 27. ly

The State of South Carolina, Abbeville District .- In the Common Pleas William Wilson, Foreign Attachment.

Jas. A. Liddell. Thomson & Fair Attorneys. Whereas the Plaintiff did, on the eleventh alay of April, eighteen hundred and fifty seven, file his declaration against the Defendant, who, it is said, is absent from and fendant, who, it is said, is absent from and without the limits of this State, and has neither wife nor attorney known witth the same, upon whom a copy of the said declaration upon whom a co might be served-It is therefore ordered, that the said De-

it is therefore ordered, that the wild Defendant do appear and plead to the said declaration, on or before the twelfth day of April, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, otherwise final and obsolute judgement will then be given and awarded against him.

MATTHEW McDONALD, c.c. p.

Clerk's Cffice, April 11, 1857 51-ly

The State of South Carolina. ABBEVILLE DISTRICT. Office Court of Common Pleas and Gen'l Se James T. Baskin,)

James A. Liddle, Baskin, Pittie Attorney James A. Liddle, Baskin, Pitf's Attorney.

W HEREAS the Plaintiff did, on the eighteen hundred and fifty-six, file his declaration against the Defendant, who, (it is said,) is absent from and without the limits of this State and had neither wife nor attorney known within the same, upou whom a copy of said declaration might be served: It is therefore ordered that the said Defendant do appear, and plead to the said declaration; on an before the dineteenth day of October eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, otherwise final and absolute judgment will then be given end awarded against him.

MATTHEW McDONALE, C.

MATTHEW McDOKALD, C. C. rk's Office, Oct. 18. 1856 Clerk's Office, Oct 18 1856

Monde Bailding. THE underland is now present to work the coat in case, is the ing Line; where we and creat all a tions of Building are now not store from Ocare House.

Having received instructions assured and Architectum in the coats.

Greenwood, Oct. 10, 1856. 23-17